THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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Here and There.

THE *Figaro* is responsible for the following interesting bit of news:—

"Lord Eldon, qui vient de mourir à Londres, a laissé toute sa fortune à l'établissement d'aliénés de Bedlam.

"Je rends, a-t-il dit dans son testament, je rends aux fous une fortune que je dois aux fous, c'est-à-dire aux plaideurs.

"Lord Eldon était avocat."

O Barber, Barber! how *can* you?

Experiments made to asceertain what colours are most quickly and easily perceived by the eye seem to show that bright yellow is the colour most easily distinguished, and which, no doubt, Mr. Clark will be able to affirm next week at Epsom.

AT CREMORNE:—

Rooster was discovered one night last week, with an extraordinarily ancient person of the other sex, taking supper. After being congratulated on his acquisition of the mother of the Gracchi, the oldest inhabitant of Chelsea, and such-like frivolous jests, old Lord ——, whose wig dates from the Regency, came up, and, having learnt the jest, shook hands cordially with the amateur of curiosities. "Never mind their chaff, my boy," mumbled the good-natured old peer. "She was a devilish fine woman once; and when I was your age, I used to sup with her too."

The last *Charivari* cartoon, by Daumier, represents France in bed, a physician standing by feeling her pulse; the "legend" is as follows:—

"Ma chère France, tâchez donc de grâce de ne pas toujours être ainsi prise de panique, à la veille de toutes vos couches."

DE BOOBYVILLE (airing his new thermometer): "75 degrees, by Jove!"

SCIENTIFIC FRIEND: "80, according to Negretti and Zambra."

DE B.: "You don't say so! Then mine must be slow. And yet it was warranted to go correctly."

A toll-keeper was lately brought before the magistrate for cruelty to his daughter. The little difficulty arose from a discovery made by the parent that the girl, who was frequently left in charge of the gate, used to allow her sweetheart, a young butcher, to drive his cart through free. She never "tolled" her love.

Hay is so dear, that green spectacles, in certain agricultural districts, have risen eighteenpence per pair. Why? Because, in seasons of scarcity, they are adjusted upon the heads of the cattle, who will then eat straw contentedly, imagining it the sweetest grass. This invention, which is not patented, may be used with duck without any extra charge.

IN FLEET STREET:—

"Where are you off to?"

"To correct my proofs."

"Correct them, by all means, if they deserve it. Spare the composing-stick, and spoil the page. Go—to the devil!"

Lord X—— is frightfully jealous. The other day he was driven home rather earlier than usual by a violent storm, and found a stranger (male) sitting with his wife. Knowing that an immediate explanation would be necessary, Lady X—— began at once, "This gentleman was overtaken by the storm, and—" "D— him!" interrupted the peer; "does he take my house for an umbrella?"

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, says:—The *genus* most to be dreaded is the gentleman sharper who infests our spas and watering-places, who plays pool in lavender kid gloves, wears paste rings, and ere entering the room turns into a gateway to invest his wrists in a pair of irreproachable bands, whose whiteness does credit to the laundress he omits to pay. He wins your money with a smile, will accommodate his book to suit what bets you may choose to make, suggests the superiority of your style, your attitude, or what not, and is, in fact—at least so you think on first meeting—a desirable addition to the list of your casual acquaintances. The mask falls shortly, however; by degrees you discover how much of the world he knows, how strongly, though with seeming heartiness, he pushes a point that may be in his favour, how he never misses an opportunity, and how, indeed, his roving restless eyes look now avarice, now despair, now triumph, just as the game may turn. These are some of the drawbacks of public billiards; and, but for being a scientific and thoroughly enjoyable game, it would rapidly sink in the scale and die out.

From the Note-book of the Hospodar of Duffraria:—

If you wish to take the deadliest revenge on an enemy, send him a pretty woman.

Red noses are light-houses, to warn those on the ocean of life of the quicksands of gin, the breakers of rum, and the shoals of (ah me!) *very old French brandy*.

From the Cook of the Hospodar of Duffraria:—

An absurd prejudice exists amongst some people against the skate. Hang the fish up a couple of days to dry, cut it in slices, put it on the gridiron, and eat it with butter; the female skate in particular.

Another hint. In boiling your salmon split the fish down the back from head to tail; if you do not do this, but boil it entire, or cut horizontally through the middle, it is impossible to cook it thoroughly, the thickness of the back and shoulders being such, that if the outside and thin be properly done, the inside must be little better than parboiled. On the Tweed and other salmon districts, the latter system is held in abhorrence.

There used to be a pious old negro in Boston named Cæsar, and he was in the habit of praying so loudly as to be heard by many of the neighbours. On retiring for the night his petition invariably was:—"Lord, senn dy angel for ole Cæsar—ole Cæsar always ready." One evening, two of his neighbours—good men, but somewhat bored by his "style"—thought they would try it on. They took a position at his door, and when the usual petition was made that "the Lord would send the angel," ole Cæsar being always ready, they knocked loudly at the door. "Who dar?" said the darkey.—"The angel of the Lord, come for old Cæsar," was the reply.—Out went the light, a scrambling into bed was heard, and then in a trembling voice, that same old uncle said, "Go way, dar! go away! Ole Cæsar bin dead dis ten year!"

A TAX ON PATIENTS.—The doctor's bill.

An affectionate husband once said, "Ah, dear doctor, how is my wife to day?" The doctor shook his head and replied, "You must prepare for the worst." "What," said the husband, "do you think she is likely to get over it?"

AT THE ZOO:—

"Papa, what pretty sheep!"

"They are not sheep, my dear; they are (consulting the inscription) *Thibetian goats*."

"What is made of their hair?"

"Ahem! ahem! er—r—r—silk stockings, woollen drawers, white cotton night-caps, and, in the summer season, cooling drinks of various kinds."

It has been remarked that the small-pox, now raging in Paris, has attacked more than twice as many men as women. Calino, it is said, thinks seriously of assuming "drag."

Lord Howe gives the following account of one of his crew, an Irishman—"The fellow was brave but a little too fond of a can of grog, yet never omitted to repeat this prayer every night as he went to his hammock, "I never murdered no man, and no man never murdered me. So God bless all mankind."

"Well, Doctor," said one of the gentlemen in waiting to Dr. F., when first called in to attend the Princess ——; "I suppose this *accouchement* will make your reputation, eh?" "Sir," answered the doctor, who is as witty as he is wise, "if my reputation had not been made, I should not be here."

Who will say henceforth that the negroes are not apt scholars? The Legislature of Maryland, in its last session, passed an Act providing that only those shall vote for Town Commissioners in the borough of Chestertown who "are the owners of real estate in said town, in their own right, or in right of their wives." But the wise legislators, in their anxiety to maintain the whites in the government of Chestertown, forgot to state the extent or value of the real estate necessary to constitute an elector. Taking advantage of this strange omission, Mr. Isaac Anderson, a coloured citizen of the town, conveyed to forty-four other landless coloured citizens "three feet nine inches of ground fronting on the Chester river," for the consideration of fifteen dollars. A Chestertown paper intimates that the forty-four new voters thus created will be able to control the next election, which is to be held in a week or two. Could any white man do a neater thing in the way of manufacturing votes?

As a general rule, if you call on a Parisian—civil, political, or military—"between the hours of ten and four," you find that "Monsieur is to his breakfast." It is the ruin of business and the denial of dinners; for who that had finished his after-breakfast cigar at four p.m. could dine in time to go to the inevitable theatre? Yesterday everybody was not *à son déjeûner*, but *au Louvre*—Minister, Chief of the Cabinet, Secretary, Under-Secretary, and so on, down to the door-keeper. About fifty people were waiting round the door of the Grand Chamberlain. An elderly female asked why they could not be attended to. She was told that the great ceremony was about to take place, and that the Emperor was about to close the period of *plébiscite*. "To-day," replied the old lady, "it appears, on the contrary, *qu'il l'ouvre* (Louvre)."

It is said that a daughter of the famous Lola Montes is about to appear as a *danseuse* on the German stage. Some ribald cynic has thought fit to comment on the intelligence by saying—

"Parturiet Montes nascetur ridiculus mus."

Mus pour *rat*, bien entendu.

Poor little G., weakest and most miserable of men, went last week to Paris for a particular kind of *bon bon*, which his inamorata declared could only be obtained at Siraudin's. When he returned, laden with the sweet spoil, all she said was, "You poor little man! If you were not so good-natured, I really think I could like you."

"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the father, "he 's a chip of the old block; ain't you, my boy?" "Yes, father," replied the boy, "teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

A correspondent in *Science Gossip*, writes:—The rats having made free with my eggs, I determined to watch the process of lowering them from the shelf on which they were kept. Having concealed myself, I soon saw a rat mount the shelf, nearly three feet from the ground, take an egg between his claws, and break at one end a hole large enough to insert the end of his jaw. Clasping the egg against his stomach with his two paws, and steadying it with his jaw in the hole he had made, he walked backwards to the edge of the shelf, and then deliberately threw himself down, so that he fell with his back on the ground, and the egg nestling at his stomach. He turned over, and was decamping with the egg, but I stopped him and recovered it unbroken, save the little hole at one end in which he had inserted his jaw.

THE SMUGGLER'S MOTTO.—England expects that every man will *do* his duty.

It seems that the habit of smoking has taken possession of the boys in France to such an extent as to elicit serious inquiry to its results. An able writer describes his experience on the subject, and comes to the following conclusions:—1. The pernicious effects on boys are incontestable. 2. They consist of pallor, chloro-anæmia, palpitation of the heart, diminution of the normal number of red globules, and impaired digestion. 3. The ordinary treatment for anæmia, &c., is ineffectual so long as the habit of smoking is persisted in. 4. Boys who are addicted to smoking exhibit a want of intelligence, and have a liking more or less decided for strong drinks. 5. Those who abandon the practice before any serious organic lesions are produced recover their health perfectly.

In the House.

Thursday, *May 19th.*—In the Lords, the second reading of the "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill," was moved by Lord Houghton in a speech in which all the stock arguments in favour of this form of marriage were reproduced, and a lamentable picture drawn of the unfortunate citizen whose attachment to his deceased wife is so strong, even beyond the grave, as to leave him no hope or peace of mind but in a union with her sister. His Lordship singularly fails, as do all the supporters of the measure, in demonstrating why Parliament should be called upon to legislate for the few and ignore the violation involved to the feelings and prejudices of the many. Of course, we were treated again to the irrepressible "working classes," and we were told to believe that they are not only peculiarly prone to this particular indulgence, but that it has its origin in excessive sensibility and high moral feeling—(Indeed!) The Duke of Marlborough opposed the Bill with a good deal of sound common sense, and, of course, the Bench of Bishops brought to bear all the artillery of religion against it—the Bishop of Lincoln contributing one item of historical information in the fact that these marriages were first sanctioned by Pope Alexander the Sixth, the infamous progenitor of the equally infamous Lucretia Borgia. The Lord Chancellor exercised all his legal acumen in opposition to Lord Westbury, who was at a loss to know on what grounds their lordships could be asked to reject the Bill; but, whether on sufficient or insufficient grounds, the sense of the House showed a balance in favour of rejection, albeit a slender majority of four, and the Bill went down amid the ironical cheers of its supporters. However, let those laugh who win; and for another year, at any rate, must the patient sisters-in-law now wait to be made honest women. In the Lower House, perhaps as a foil to the more interesting proceedings in the Lords, the debates were comparatively uninteresting. Sir J. Elphinstone drew attention again to the case of Mr. Edmunds who, it appears, is to be thrown into prison for the amount of the debt to the Government, awarded against him by the arbitrators; but he took very little by his motion, as both Mr. Lowe and the Attorney-General showed that they were implacable, and, in the most vicious manner, declared that, in this case, they intended to make Mr. Edmunds pay to the uttermost farthing, or (like the 50,000 Cornish men) know the reason why. The Committee on the Irish Land Bill went forward with celerity, and the House adjourned at half-past one.

An incident occurred in the course of the evening which was productive of some laughter, not altogether unmixed with a feeling that the rebuff administered was well deserved. Viscount Milton having asked a question of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that minister thought the query unworthy of reply from a man in his dignified position, and consequently put up Mr. Stansfeld to give the necessary information. Lord Milton thereupon marked his sense of the slight put upon him by leaving the House while Mr. Stansfeld was on his legs, and the next evening repeated his inquiry, to which, this time, Mr. Lowe was obliged, in common courtesy, to reply, coupling with it a sort of apology (for we cannot say it was an ample one) for the unintentional offence he had given to the noble Lord.

Friday, *May 20th.*—Mr. Beresford Hope initiated a somewhat spirited and slightly acrimonious debate on the delay which had occurred in the building of the new National Gallery, which ended, as matters of this kind generally end, in the subject being dropped without eliciting further than hasty charges against the obstructiveness of the present administration; and lame excuses from Mr. Ayrton and the Premier. Sir Roundell Palmer called attention to the circumstances connected with the late Massacres in Greece, in a long and temperate speech; and was followed by Sir H. Bulwer, who moved an amendment; and, after Mr. Gladstone had replied, with a request that matters might remain in *statu quo* until further information was to hand, the motions were withdrawn, and the House rose.

Monday, *May 23rd.*—In the Lords, the Earl of Carnarvon reproduced, in regard to the recent Massacres in Greece, the main features of Friday's discussion in the Commons, and was replied to by Lord Clarendon to the same effect as in the speech of Mr. Gladstone on that occasion. It is satisfactory to observe that in neither instance was there a word said on either Benches other than praise to the Government for the steps they had taken to avert this lamentable catastrophe.

On the order for the second reading of the University Tests Bill, Mr. G. Hardy, Mr. Walpole, and Mr. Mowbray, each presented petitions against the measure from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the English Church Union; after which the Solicitor-General drove his nail into the coffin of the Christianity of our Universities, and prayed that, by passing this Bill into law, he might see new life breathed into these grand old institutions, and, at the same time, satisfy the aspirations of many men who are now artificially and unrighteously kept out of privileges which they have a right to claim, without any corresponding advantage to religion, and with increasing mischief to the State. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Mowbray, and Mr. Hardy, did all in their power to resist this fresh onslaught upon religion—for such it unquestionably appears to us; but what can be done against an obedient majority, that could and would carry, in the ratio of 3 to 1, a proposition that in future our queens and kings should profess the Mohammedan faith, if only the measure emanated from "the people's William"? No wonder, therefore, we have to record a majority for this disastrous measure of 125 in a house of only 257 members. Turn we to pleasanter topics. The Committee on the Irish Land Bill came to a conclusion amid loud cheers, and the Bill was ordered to be reported. At any rate, some good came of to-night's sitting, and the Old Man of the Mountains is off our shoulders.

Tuesday, *May 24th.*—Mr. Watkyn Williams moved the disestablishment and disendowment of the Established Church in Wales—another evidence of the breach that has been opened through the attack upon the Irish Church; and we agree with Mr. O. Morgan that the time is coming, surely though slowly, when the measure of disestablishment which has been applied to Ireland will have to be extended to all parts of the United Kingdom. Thank God! the temper of the House has not yet been educated to such a standard; and, after a comparatively brief discussion, the motion was rejected by a majority of 164.

On Mr. Fowler rising to ask leave to bring in a Bill for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act, Mr. Craufurd, of the Ayr Burghs, availed himself of the obsolete privilege of Members of the House to call the attention of the Speaker to the presence of strangers. In consequence of which, amid much laughter, the galleries were cleared, inclusive of the reporters, and we are unable to report the tenor of the debate. We do not blame Mr. Craufurd for sparing the public the prurient details of a debate on such a subject; but we cannot help thinking that the morals of our wives and daughters suffer now-a-days as much from the police reports as they can possibly do from such a debate as the one held on Tuesday night in the House, and by his singular adoption of an obsolete privilege of Members of the House, Mr. Craufurd becomes the bird of prey which indicates the position of the otherwise unnoticed carrion. On the readmission of the reporters, Mr. Hughes moved to introduce a Bill to amend the law relating to Horse-racing. Drawing his inspiration from Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Chaplin, he said all in his power to induce the House to legislate beyond their sphere in matters more within the scope of the Jockey Club; and, though leave was given to introduce the Bill, this small success was only obtained by the admission of the mover that he would stay any further progress with the question until the Jockey Club had had opportunities of legislating. Lord Royston, amid much undeserved ridicule, made an able speech in opposition to the Bill; but we think all that can be said in the matter was pithily expressed by Sir H. Williamson, who offered no opposition to the Bill, but considered that neither mover (Mr. Hughes) nor seconder (Sir H. Hoare), knew anything of the subject of which it dealt (laughter). It is curious that both Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Chaplin, from whose utterances Mr. Hughes draws his inspiration, have been the greatest turf gamblers of the age; and Sir Henry Hoare, the seconder of the Bill, knows how to take and lay the odds, as perhaps few know so well. Verily, the devil knows how to quote Scripture for a purpose, but the *Man About Town* declines to believe in the virtue of reformed or *self-professed* reformed gamblers; and we confidently predicate the collapse of any such inchoate measure.

The Man Abroad.

Paris, *May 26th.*

SITTING down to write an article with the thermometer at 80 in the shade, and the sylvan shade of the Chantilly forest calling one to its bosom through the voice of M. Grandhomme, and the less dulcet but attractive notes of Mr. J. Gideon,—I beg his pardon, Gédéon I should have said,—Jones, and the rest of them, is no small sacrifice, I am willing to allow; but England—to say nothing as to the *Man About Town*—expects every man to do his duty, so I do mine, and perhaps shall find that virtue has once more its own reward, for a careful perusal of the card this morning led me to the conclusion that there was no good thing—if I may be permitted to borrow an expression from the vocabulary of the betting men—to repay one for the loss of an afternoon on the Boulevards, my great and sole delight. We shall, however, change all that on Sunday, when the French Derby is run for, and, it is to be hoped, shall be favoured with better weather that last Sunday, when the storms kept all the *élite* of society—my friends, every one of them—away. I do not profess to know anything about racing matters, and certainly do not exaggerate when I say that, beyond a few trifling bets on the Derby and other important races, just to keep up my character as a *Man About Town*, I never risked fifty francs in my life; but I make a point of being present at all great races, in order to see and hear what is going on. I cannot say that I was much repaid for my trouble the other day, as with the exception of Coccottopolis and the "list men," an importation from your side of the water, there was no one hardly there. I did hear one good thing said by a gentleman rider, who can hold his own with the best of them either on the flat or across country. He was being joked by a friend as to the soft eyes which a young—well, let it pass—lady was making him on the way down, and he was told that she would require ten or twelve *robes* to be offered her before she would repeat the looks of languish; on which he said, "Oh, one or two *robes, je ne dis pas;* but for ten, why *je me derobérais.*" As I have said, I am not competent to offer an opinion on racing matters; but I am generally told that Don Carlos is likely to be the winner on Sunday next. Will that, if it is so, be considered a happy omen for the success of the other Don Carlos in his bid for the Spanish crown? But, softly, is not that again the forbidden ground of politics, which I have such strict orders to keep clear of? I think it is; but I may at least be permitted to devote a few lines to the ceremony of last Saturday in the Salle des Etats. Although the reception had a political origin, in that it was the official declaration of the result of the Plébiscite, yet it was in itself so entirely divested of political significance, that its sole claim to be considered an event of historic interest will lie in the fact that it was one of peculiar splendour. Being furnished with a ticket of admittance, which I obtained without any difficulty from the Duc de Cambacérès, by stating that I was a second cousin of the wife of the French correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, I repaired to the Salle des Etats about eleven o'clock, and remained there until one, amidst a heat which was enough to supplement the use of a Turkish bath for years to come; dressed, too, for the evening, which is to me the most insane thing that can be done at that time of the day. I am free to confess, however, that the scene when their Majesties arrived, and the fine hall was filled with the splendid uniforms of the men and the rich dresses of the ladies, was very striking. Whatever they may do in other matters, these State receptions are cer-

tainly managed better here, as far as artistic effect is concerned. The Emperor seemed to be very well, and read his reply to the President's (Pacha Schneider, the Irreconcilables call him) speech of congratulation in a tone of voice which showed that he considered his dynasty had been re-baptised, and that when Napoleon III. was gathered to his fathers (I meant to put in the plural) Napoleon IV. would assuredly reign in his stead. I leave to Jenkins the congenial task of telling you how the Empress and other ladies were dressed; all I may venture to say is, that the former looked very well, and that the latter had on *toilettes* which makes me feel thankful that I was not their husband to pay for. The *luxe effrené* of the present period, in the way of women's dress, is really appalling. It determines me never to enter into the blessed state, even if I could find any one weak enough to have me. Why, a careful calculation has shown to me that as it is my income will not permit of my paying more than 10*s.* in the pound for gloves, cigars, and flowers. Hence arise the unpleasant interviews with my tailor, my bootmaker, and other persons who have vague views about "not getting anything which you can't pay for."

It is with great regret that I chronicle the increasing stupidity and pointlessness of the *Figaro*, as well as the *Gaulois*. The former of these papers, particularly, has lost that *verve* and playfulness which once rendered it so popular, and is either gross and filthy in the stories which it relates, and deserves to be prosecuted for indecency, or else produces the most arrant rubbish in the shape of *news*. Its last *craque* was the announcement of the great Lord Eldon's death, and of his having left his fortune to a hospital. How changed from that Hector, &c. The *Gaulois* is rather better; but its last story, as to the vagaries of a foreign sovereign, who is not unknown in England, is a complete fabrication from beginning to end, and might surely have been made up with a regard to possibilities, if it was determined to "put it about." Well may we deplore the loss of such men as Dr. Cabarras, who has really died not a day too soon, if these things are to continue; for his love of true wit would have probably led him to commit some violent assault on such clumsy pirates of *esprit Gaulois*. By the bye, did your readers ever hear his plucky reply to a lady who was complimenting him on his wonderful power of repartee. He replied, "*Ah, madame, c'est tres simple; nous autres, bâtards, nous avons toujours de l'esprit.*" And so they have.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXI.—IDIOT.

First— *Earlswood.*

With straining eyes I watched the middy at
His dreadful trade. Soon turning giddy at
The sight, I cried, "What is the kiddy at?"
And then the shadow of Ashlydiat
Fell over all; and I became an IDIOT.

Second—

(1)

When riding a giddy, hot
Horse, 'tother day,
I thought, like an idiot,
He kicked but in play.
That that jest was reality
I very soon found,
When, bereft of vitality,
I was raised from the ground.

(2)

Down at Windsor they have a queer name
For island—don't call me an idiot—
Any Eton boy'll tell you the same;
It is, honor! sir!! no kid, Eyot.

(3)

Where will you find an idiot
So bumptious, as a young,
Just-joined, green, raw middy, hot
In temper, and in tongue.

(4)

Perchance you knew "Jones," that young idiot
Who round about Cowes and Ryde did yacht—
At least swelled on the pier—
In trim marine gear,
Wore rings in his ears,
Talked of braces and gears;
Got pill'd at the "Vic,"*
Never cruised but was sick,
And was no more a sailor
Than my London tailor. TRIPLE HARP.

* Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde.

Third—

The Sappho and the Cambria,
Both followed by a giddy lot
Of other vessels, raced away;
But Yankee Doodle did the yacht,
And won the cup the other day
(I saw the race with Biddy Knott).
And in conclusion I must say,
The Yankee was no idiot
To challenge with his tiny yacht.
vaûs.

Every morning might be seen,
Walking in the meadows green,
None more contented with his lot
Our hapless village idiot.

Above a mound a cap was seen;
I thought a rabbit it had been;
I raised my gun, and had a shot,
Alas! I'd killed the idiot.
MARIE LOUISE.

Poor Ireland still remains our kingdom's blot,
A land of outrage, fear and riot;
When Fenians, armed with six revolvers, hot
Assume the blessed name of patriot.
Alas! for the drivelling idiot
He'd drag as victim for our British shot,
And make the Emerald Isle a bloody spot.
CARLINO.

It was the schooner Cambria
That sailed the summer sea,
And from many a gallant craft, I ween,
Had she wrested victory.

But vainly 'gainst the Douglas' craft
She spread her snowy sail;
Right gallantly she strove, but 'gainst
Such odds could not prevail.

Ah! well a-day, I fondly hoped
That Ashbury's pretty yacht
Would victor be; but the results
Prove me an Idiot.
EARLSWOOD.

Oh! say what stranger face is here,
With those unmeaning eyes,
Which seem to gaze with senseless leer,
And oft-expressed surprise.

The lolling tongue and hanging head
Betray a feeble mind;
Oh! surely reason must have fled
And left her ghost behind.

But, see, he comes not quite alone;
A dog is by his side,
Who seems as if he would atone
The want of better guide.

Oh! 'twas a pleasing sight to see
The helpless idiot
Led by his dog, who faithfully
Did guide the giddy sot.
RAVENSCLIFFE.

While on the deck we stood aghast,
The merry boy climb'd up the mast
That bent above the *giddy yacht*;
His mother cried, "Oh! ah! how dreadful;"
The father (most uncivil) said, "Fool,
Pray do not be an *idiot*."

Him, up above the world so high,
The captain marked, and straight did cry,
"The boy, to be a *middy, ought*;
Though he *does* climb aloft like mad,
I'll give my 'davy' that the lad
Is neither fool nor *idiot*."

The noble craft here gave a lurch,
The dire effect of which was such
That from the rigging, *mid the yacht*,
The urchin fell into the sea.
The sire then said, he whipp'd should be,
And put to bed—*indeed he ought*.
THE FOND PARENT.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXII.—LOVE.

[We apologise for the difficulty of this word, which we must trust to the ingenuity of our able correspondents to overcome.]

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

GEOLOGY.

Scientific Pedestrian.—"Do you find any fossils here?"

Excavator.—"Dunno what you calls 'Vossuls.' We finds nowt here but muck and 'ard work!"

THE THRONE OF KING MOB.—Pleb i' *seat*.

THE SECULAR DIFFICULTY.—There is one consideration which may induce the Secularists not to persist in opposing the admission of the Bible into National Schools. If that book is excluded, the scholars may surmise that the reason is because they ought not to read it, and then they will.

(From *Fun*.)

IMPLIED OR EXPRESSED.

Dealer.—"Not like him?"

Customer.—"No! he's such a great coarse brute!"

Dealer.—"Well, I should have thought he'd just have suited *you*."

AN AGREEABLE CONSEQUENCE.—Some day, we suppose, ladies will be "after" writing—as Pat would say—M.P. to their names. There may then be more "pairing" in the house, but we may be sure that there will be less cheese-paring in the matter of floral adornment for the parks.

SUPPOSED TO BE MOUNTED.—Of all works of art, statuettes are, perhaps, most even in merit—they are so frequently "bracketed."

The cup that neither cheers nor inebriates: The hic-cup.

MARRY COME UP.—What flower should supersede orange-blossom in the case of a bride who sells herself for money?—Marry-gold.

When young ladies wager gloves, in what colour do they usually pay?—Smoke!

(From *Judy*.)

THE IRISH "TEMPEST."

Ariel (Ireland).—Is there more toil? Since thou dost
give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou
hast promised,
Which is not yet performed.
Prospero (G**ds**ne).—How now? Moody?
What is't thou cans't demand?
Ariel.— My liberty.

Why is Lord Overstone like bell-metal?—Because he's a Lloyd with tin.

An actor is not always acting in a friendly spirit when he takes another actor's part.

Did Mr. Dickens write the "Old Curiosity Shop" with a Quill (p) pen?

(From *Punch* and *Judy*.)

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

(Time—past midnight.)

Master of the House.—"What the devil do you want here?"

Burglar (with presence of mind).—"Beg pardon, sir; I was only a-lookin' for a policeman!" [Escapes without meeting with one.]

A FACT.—In America, so great is the excitement to obtain dinner quickly, that, at the *tables-d'hôte*, the meals are always served *a la Rush*.

IT MIGHT.—The members of the Œcumenical Council have lately been discussing the question, "De Parvo Catechismo." From the utter absence of anything approaching unanimity amongst them, something, we fancy, might be written, "De *Magno* Cate*schismo*."

THAT'S THE QUESTION.—Dr. Lyon Playfair said in the House of Commons, when speaking on Mr. Jacob Bright's motion for the enfranchisement of females, that there were some things women couldn't be—for instance, soldiers. How, then, about the *Blues?*"

ANGELIC *Coiffure*.—Peri-wigs.

AN IMPORTUNATE BIRD.—The "Do-Do."

DRAMATIC RECIPE.—To make a good comedy: first catch your "Hare."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROOK.—It was so once, but the system has been changed long since. What you suggest has been tried, and failed utterly. If Rook essays it, he will have to pawn.

S. T. (York).—You write so badly that our printer would make Yorkshire pie of your MS., if even it were worth setting up; but it isn't.

ADA.—Office hours (to *you*) from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M. Come, and bring all your sisters. If there is anything particular you would like for luncheon, telegraph.

BLUE RUIN.—All we can say of your tip is, that it seems to be ginuine.

MR. JASPER.—You mean Hasch-heesch, a preparation of hemp, we believe. If you wait, you will, perhaps, taste it, as Mrs. Glasse says, "another way."

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Le Nozze di Figaro. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—Free Labour. Seven.
LYCEUM.—His own Rival—Breaking the Spell—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Music hath Charms—At Eight: Mary Warner—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.
STRAND.—Loving Hearts—Kenilworth. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—The Man of Quality—At Nine: The Princess of Trebizonde. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Quite by Accident—At Eight: M.P.—Dearest Mamma. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Frou-Frou—La Belle Sauvage. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—Happiest Day of my Life—Behind the Curtain—Chamber of Horrors. Half past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—For Love or Money—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.
GLOBE.—The Artful Dodge—The Porter's Knot—Robert Macaire. Half-past Seven.
CHARING CROSS.—Captain Smith—Illusions—The Gentleman in Black. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

MISS BATEMAN, who I remember had announced, or caused to be announced, her retirement from the stage, has come back from America, and plays "Mary Warner" at the Olympic.

Miss Bateman—why *Miss* Bateman still? Is she not married? I do not understand that affectation of the "single" condition of life by women who have become the honoured wives of respectable men. Are the wives ashamed of their husbands, or the husbands of their wives? Or is it that managers of theatres hold a supposed maiden to be more attractive than a lady who avows she is already disposed of? To my old-fashioned apprehension, the man who allows his wife to appear in public as a single woman exposes her to insolent advances, or raises expectations among "us youth" who occupy the stalls which are never destined to be realised. Has Briggs or Snobskin, whose wife sings, dances, plays as Miss Lizzie, or Ada, or Edith, or Florence Tulipone, any right to assault or insult me, Peregrine Pips, Bt., because, after some months of admiration from my private box near the stage, I resolve to cast my heart, my fortune, and my title, at the feet of the suppositious peerless virgin? I think such fellows should be made perpetual victims of jealousy; and I have serious thoughts of organising a club with the express design of laying siege to the Ediths and Florences the moment they have become the Joans of some brute of a Darby, until the latter proclaims her state of wifehood in the bills. I allow something for an established reputation. A girl who has made her way, professionally, as Miss Adeline Capulet, might be permitted to continue to use the name for a time, with "Mrs. Higgs" in brackets, until the public mind had become familiar with the identity: that is, if she has been so unfortunate as to marry some penniless chap who cannot afford to take her from the stage, or some generous nobleman who does not wish to deprive the stage of an ornament. But, with these exceptions, I deprecate the imposture. I speak feelingly. There was a time when —— but let it pass. Indeed, for that matter, it has passed—for that's the way with Time, the old beast!

Pseudonyms and aliases are always inconvenient and objectionable, and I hold that among actors they are preposterous. Is Jones ashamed of the profession he has adopted? or is it in deference to the prejudice of some fools in the family that he attempts to conceal the fact of his having adopted an honourable course of life under the *nom de théatre* of Waldecourt Merton? There may be a certain incongruity in the association of plebeian proper names with the musical appellations of some of the heroes of tragedy; but people cease to think of that when a reputation is established. Was there anything euphonious or suggestive in such names as Garrick, Cibber, Macklin, or Kean? "Altamont, Mr. Popkins: his first appearance," raises a smile at the nomenclatural antagonism; but it soon wears off if P. establishes a renown. Let us then hear no more of such arrant nonsense. Let "new-made honour forget men's names," as Falconbridge says, in the presence of their talents; or, let the real name be made apparent by those who have assumed disguises, that honour may attend where honour is due. I offer this suggestion, in all humility, to *Miss* Amy Sedgwick, *Miss* Bateman, *Miss* Marriott, *Miss* Bufton, *Miss* Huddart, &c., &c.—and to Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

"To return from this digression," Miss Bateman is again in London, playing Mary Warner. Having seen her once in the character, I decline to see her again, unless the *Man About Town* insists upon the sacrifice. Miss Bateman is far too artificial—too stagey for my antiquated taste. Her attitudes are angular and studied; her voice unmusical. I see the trained actress in all she does. I do not see the part she represents. It is too late in the day for her to cast the spotted skin with which an ambitious father covered his children in their infancy. Middle-aged gentlemen remember the little Bateman sisters, whose precocity made Sir Peter and Lady Teazle ridiculous. They attracted audiences to the St. James's; but every one saw, with regret, that it was a case of premature forcing, the end of which—as in the instance of Master Betty, the "Young Roscius" of the early part of this century—was sure to be mature mediocrity. The little eyases seldom grow into good players.

I see that that scheme of Mr. Page's, for converting the Coliseum into a vast opera house, &c., has fallen through, and he has been sued for a bill of 5000*l*. What extraordinary pitfalls are dug in this treacherous world of ours for men of genius! Nature distributes her gifts unequally, or she would allow them a little common sense, by way of ballast or equipoise. It was obvious to every one but my friend Page, that there was no audience for a vast theatre in that locality. The Regent's Park and its surroundings are the social property of stockbrokers, merchants, shipbuilders, lawyers, and other descriptions of working men. They don't care for operas, or any similar entertainment—they don't. Coming home jaded, they just dress for dinner, out of compliment to the dinner, which is dressed for them; and after the salmon and cucumber, the lamb and peas, the gooseberry tart, and a few glasses of their peculiar tipple, light a cigar, drop into their slippers, and doze away the evening. The *carissima* of the household fancies she likes the opera. Of course she doats on Rossini and adores Bellini, but her worship of their works requires an aristocratic association. She must perform her devotional exercises at the shrine where she can look upon the Duchess of ——, or the Countess of ——, and say to her dear friends Mrs. Snodgrass and Lady Pigsflesh (the Alderman's widow)—"How we apples swim!"

I don't know whether Page can or will pay the forfeited thousands for failing to carry out his agreement. On the whole, perhaps, the public are to be felicitated on its failure. Say, that he had succeeded in getting together the requisite capital for converting the old Coliseum into a large theatre, he would have ruined all who might have embarked in the enterprise, adding one more to the many instances on record, of the deplorable infatuation which induces men to build or take theatres. See what a state nearly all the houses are in at this moment. I know that at one of the very best in London, the company has become a commonwealth—a common poverty, I am afraid. The manager has done his best in giving them the theatre and his own services gratuitously; but, for all that, it is a hard matter to get 50*l*. into the theatre to pay expenses. Several others are in the same predicament. The approach of summer, the state of trade, the jaded appetites of the upholders of glittering burlesque, may all be cited as causes of the general depression; but, to my apprehension, it is to be mainly ascribed to the fierceness of competition. The Globe, the Vaudeville, the Olympic—all exhibit an aching void in those parts of the house where a manager looks for his sinews; other houses look better: probably, the paper currency is more actively in circulation.

HAMLET!—"That well-known name awakens all my woes." I have seen Mrs. Drake Bouverie in the inky cloak; Miss Marriott Edgar in solemn black. I have witnessed with a mixture of agony and mirth, the dumb show of the *mimi* who went through their antics, while Bellew spouted in front; and shall I ever forget Fechter's Franco-English utterances?—Oh, *non!* But what are all these cruel inflictions to the barbarism of "*Amletto*" set to music? That is the "most unkindest cut of all." Sessi's Ophelia is touching, and supplies room and verge enough for her incomparable trills and exquisite cadenzas—yet even those ravishments do not at all counterpoise the miserable rubbish that the Prince, the Ghost, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, are doomed to utter. For the whole thing, I muttered execrations last season, even with entrancing Nilsson before me. This season, compelled to sit out such a representation, I should infallibly have furnished occupation for a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, had not Titiens come to my rescue. Gorgeous Titiens! overpowering Teresa! Has not your genius lifted insignificance into greatness? Has not the maudlin Queen become in your hands a sublime impersonation of *particeps criminis?* Some one had better hold me, or I will not be answerable for my transports. Thank you—that go of brandy and soda has calmed me a little. Seriously, now, Titiens has redeemed *Amletto* in her delineation of the remorseful, agonised Regina. It was not like anything ever seen before. It was not Medea in a rage, or Lady Macbeth coaxing severely and reproaching spitefully; nor the Queen in *Richard III.* wildly lamenting the loss of her smothered ones; but it was something of all three. It spoke at once to the understanding and the heart. I tingled all over—an emotion unknown to me since Brochard the Fierce flourished his pickled birch over my devoted—head because I could not spell Chrononhotonthologos, and blundered in my attempt to syllable Aldiborontophoscophornio.

Royalty is under obligation to Titiens for looking regally. Why is it that on the stage generally those personages whom we associate with grandeur, dignity, and irresponsible power, should be played by muffs? Put a heavy man, or a super, into a cotton velvet cloak, and cover his caput with a dutch metal circlet of vandyked tin, and you have the theatrical conception of a king or a duke. He may mumble or storm, be prosy or sententious, and he fills the part. Whip me such offenders against *lese majeste!*

I managed to get into Drury Lane to hear Faure in Mephistophiles. He takes the highest rank as an *artiste*, and his vocal powers are upon a level with his dramatic capability. There was something very exciting in his "Dio dell or." Nilsson, as Marguerite, was, it is needless to insist, superb. Santley and Gardoni were all the most fastidious could desire.

The recently-discovered crumbs from the tables of Weber and Mozart—*Abu Hassan* and *L'Oca del Cairo*—are delicious *morceaux*, which would have lifted into importance any other composers. I wish I could persuade myself that they come entirely from the same sources as *Oberon* and *Don Giovanni*. Every now and then there is a bit of hard crust among the crumbs, which would seem to have been interpolated by a 'prentice hand. One is reminded of Colly Cibber's liberties with honest Will Shakespeare's text, or, worse still, of Ireland's forgery, *Vortigern*. However, there is enough in the two operettas to please, if not to deceive, a venerable *fanatico;* and, as we cannot get new operas from fresh hands, let us make the most of the *disjecta membra* cleverly put together by Arditi.

The Nevilles are meritorious young men—good sons of a worthy father, "respectable John." Let me then be tender towards the first bantling of G. F. N., called *Loving Hearts*. It has found a place in Mrs. Swanborough's bill; and, though

some critical fellow has made me uncomfortable by asserting that it is something of a plagiarism, I hope it will continue to amuse the Strand visitors for some time to come. Two or three of the parts might be better represented. Mr. Chamberlayne is not a master of the *ars celare artem*. Mrs. Raymond is capital.

It would be beyond my province to refer to the death of Mr. Mark Lemon, had he not taken rank as a dramatic author by virtue of French brevets. His adaptations and translations are very numerous and cleverly done. It is nonsense to object to an author that he is not, or was not, entirely original. There have been few comic writers who could claim to be the parents of ideas and situations since the days of Menander and Aristophanes. The Launcelots and Dromios of the English stage—what were they but the *Martirii* and *Scapins* of the French drama? who were begotten by the Daons of the ancient amphitheatre, who were begotten by—*n'importe pour cela*. These are sacred subjects. As for Mark Lemon, he is more to be remembered as the Editor of *Punch* than anything else. In that capacity he won an enviable renown by the care with which he eschewed the slightest tendency to coarseness, profligacy, or indelicacy. Neither the Editor nor his colleagues ever offended against the decrees of polite society. To their honour, they endeavoured to be witty, amusing, and satirical, without treading upon the heels of propriety. I say, deliberately, "endeavoured;" for their success of late years has not been, by any means, proportioned to their deserts. With Albert Smith, Jerrold, Thackeray, and Gilbert A'Beckett, the true humour of the popular periodical evaporated. Shirley Brooks' jocularity is very dressy stuff, indeed!—Tom Taylor's wit a painful elaboration—Horace Mayhew's humour, a series of acute spasms. The only vestiges of drollery which have enlivened *Punch*, for the last eight or nine years, are to be traced to Burnand. But in place of pointed epigrams, happy puns, and Leech's inimitably pictured satires, we have no end of homilies, and occasional odes and monodies. They are awfully out of place; but, as far as they go, they make good epitaphs. Why don't the dismal writers hire themselves to some respectable sculptor of monuments? They could, probably, do rather better than "afflictions sore"—at a pinch. *Hic jacet*, in their hands, would be expounded to a Gray's Elegy—in length, if not in smooth versification.

Some youth, innocent of the arcanum of a theatre, writing an operatic report for one of the papers, the other day, "wondered" why the bands on the stage always wear long morning gowns. If he were to make good use of his eyes Adonis would discover in the trained martial tread of the musicians, the boots of the Coldstream or Grenadier Guards. Those gentlemen — the Guards, not the boots—are permitted to attend the theatre for a few bob and some beer, but neither to take off their uniform nor exhibit it on the stage. The *robe de chambre* thus becomes an indispensable overall. In Oriental pieces, the flowered or striped gown does duty for an *abba* uncommonly well; but the musical instruments are, thank God, far away from the tum-tum and cymbal, the sackbut, and copper trumpet, which make day and night hideous when old Pachas, with ever so many tails, go forth on their warlike or nocturnal expeditions.

London Lyrics.

No. 26.

LOST.

His voice is hushed about the hall,
The echoes of his song are dead;
I hear no more his light foot fall,
A saddened silence reigns instead.
Forlorn his watchful spaniels roam,
The idle gun rusts in its case,
The rod hangs listless in its place;
Oh, will he never more come home?

The south wind curls the hurrying stream
That laughs beyond the garden walls,
And in the stubble's sunset gleam
Her mate the wandering partridge calls;
And deep within the browning glade
The painted pheasant gives his note,
And from her hiding-place remote
The vixen courts the coming shade.

About the tower, grim and gray,
The deathless ivy climbs and creeps;
But through the long and silent day
Here life in hopeless languor sleeps,
Come summer's flowers, come winter's frost—
There wanders on from room to room
An old man sobbing in the gloom,
And sadly murmuring, "Lost, lost!"

The rippling curls, in cluster bright—
Eyes that with happy laughter shone—
The form in blooming manhood's might—
The loved and loving voice—are gone.
Gone! but ah! whither? Who shall say?
"I must forget!" 'twas all we heard.
"Forget!"—it was his parting word;
And who can trace his maddened way?

Old eyes stare round his empty room,
Dropping slow tears of trembling age,
And, groping through the deepening gloom,
Old hands turn down the well-known page:
That page that brings a peace to pain,
When every other hope has fled—
"My son, my best-loved son, was dead—
Was dead—and is alive again!"

O lady with the golden hair,
In wanton tresses loosely bound!
Hear you upon the summer air
No echoes of a woeful sound?
And, 'mid the gay luxurious crowd,
Where you are wont to pass your night,
See you no pale and saddened sight?
No spectre wrapped in sorrow's shroud?

False, shallow heart! you led him on
To dream high dreams of love and you;
Played for a fresh young life—and won!
The full worth of your prize you knew!
Yet, lightly laughing, threw away
The human thing you would not keep;
Ah! turn you to your heartless sleep—
There comes a night that has no day!

Go, learn to deck more richly yet
The matchless charms that Nature gave,
And in the glow of life forget
The nearing shadows of the grave.
Yet close beside there walks a ghost,
At times you feel the icy chill;
And you *must* hear—do what you will—
An old man sadly groaning, "Lost!"

The Grumbler.

NOW frankly, and without nonsense, from chignons to Christ Church, do you really believe that we English are a type of the highest civilisation? Yes, you do. Well, then, I don't. Have you read Frank Scudamore's clever, clear, business-like and conclusive letter to the *Times* on Monday last? What about? Ah, I see, as usual, like ninety-nine men out of one hundred, you only read the fashionable intelligence, court circular, law and police reports. Debates, and leading articles, are only for hon. members; City intelligence and advertisements for the City swells; births, deaths, and marriages for old maids and expectant heirs; and the general correspondence for such old duffers as your old friend Growler. Always read the debates, do you? Well, I don't; or rather, to be truthful, very rarely do. The other day, for instance, I read Lord Carnarvon's clear, forcible, yet temperate speech on the Greek massacre business, and thought it admirable. But I did not read Ayrton's on Kensington Gardens, nor Hughes, Hoare, & Co., on betting and horse racing. Why not? Simply because I knew the first would be a muddle, and thought the other a meddle. Why meddle? Because it is a matter purely belonging to the Jockey Club, and one they are quite capable "to cope withal." Indeed, it is monstrous that the valuable time of the House, or rather of the country, should be taken up by such preposterous propositions and subjects altogether unfit for discussion by the House of Commons. I was talking of civilisation. Was I? Well, so I was; or rather the pride all Englishmen have of calling themselves, or thinking themselves, thorough types of human perfection. No, of civilisation. Well, 'tis much the same thing—a distinction with very little difference. Were you ever at St. Omer? No! Well, I hardly thought you had been; 'tis an out of the way place, and little or no *kutos* is to be got by going there. Well, I have been there; and just outside the town, some half-mile or so, stands a huge tower, part of some old cathedral, of heaven knows what date, but with some two to three hundred steps to the top of it. Just after my marriage I visited St. Omer, in company with Mrs. Growler—indeed, it was our marriage trip. We went up to the top of this tower, and, I need scarcely tell you that the party I visited it with was a very pretty one in those days. Indeed, as I said before, it was no other than Mrs. Growler herself—we had been married just three weeks—'twas a lovely day and Mrs. Growler tripped up the three hundred steps like a young chamois, wearing such a pair of boots! I shall never forget them. Well! the boots have, as you say, nothing to do with it. I know they haven't; but they really had—if you knew all—that day. Well, up tripped Mrs. Growler, and no sooner had she arrived at, or, rather, reached the top, than she exclaimed, "O, gracious, Josh! would you believe it—John Jones!"(John Jones, I must tell you, made all the running for Mrs. Grumbler's father's stakes, and rounding the corner first run in and was only beaten by your humble servant by a head). "Would you believe it?" exclaimed the dear creature, "John has been here." I looked to where she pointed, and there, true enough, cut—yes, deeply, evidently, angrily, cut—cut with the blade of a pen-knife, broken in the work (doubtlessly, broken by jealousy, aided by animosity, both one way combined). Yes; cut right across the nose and snarling mouth of a hideous mediæval something or other, that served for a spout—there—there was—"John Jones, *fecit* and Anna Maria Smith, *vincit*, June 18, 18——." My victory was complete, though I own Mrs. Growler was sulky for a week after, saying she always thought Jones above such littleness. I didn't, nor do I now; nor have I ever thought the Jones's or Smiths—nay, nor the Robinsons—above such low, destructive propensities. My victory was, however, complete. I always told Sarah Jane (I mean Mrs. Growler) that Jones was a brute; and here was his mark—his sign manual to my too-oft-repeated assertion. It was all very well for Mrs. Growler (she was educated at a most respectable boarding-school — the Miss Tailors', Hammersmith,) telling me that Cleopatra cut Antony's name on her needle, and Antony cut her's on his pin, which is still to be seen in a wall, she says, at Damascus). It was all very well for Mrs. Growler to tell me this—but she felt it, I know now—she felt the act of barbarism a snob and an Englishman alone could commit. John Jones, *fecit*; Anna Maria, &c., &c. Don't see what all this has to do with the question, don't you? No, of course you don't; no, no more did Mrs. Growler. But I will tell you what it has to do with it. What is that? Why, it has to do with what I told you before, viz., that we English are not such cocks of civilisation as we, on our own dunghill, are pleased to think ourselves. Frank Scudamore—about as clever and as 'cute a card at his business as the world wots of—has written a most clear and sensible letter to the *Times*, as I said before, in which he states that the telegraphs of the United Kingdom are subject to daily and continued wanton injury, from the attacks of mischievous persons amusing themselves by throwing stones, and destroying the insulators on the telegraphic posts. Now, were this a mere isolated case or fact, one could understand it; but when we remember —nay, are informed by such postal authority—that it is not only of daily, but almost hourly occurrence, and happens, or rather is perpetrated, throughout the whole length and breadth of the kingdom, no one part appearing to be more especially favoured than another, I ask you what you think of such youthful population—admitting, for argument (which, however, I do not believe to be the case), that it is always the youthful who are the perpetrators of such wanton injury?

Only the idle lads of village. Is it? Yes, so it should be: and then that would be bad enough; but what do you say to idiots calling themselves gentlemen commoners of Christ Church, Oxford, who, doubtless, would score their names, as dear Mrs. Growler's Jones did, across the mouth of a mediæval monster at St. Omer, or on the calf of Cœur de Lion, if they could reach it, or on the Virgin Elizabeth's tomb at Westminster, but for fear of the verger, or some other old woman of the abbey, looking after them. What do you say of such noble, high-born youths taking busts, statues, and books, from a library, and making a bonfire of treasures irrecoverable? You are quite right—don't let us say any more about it. Only do let us also hold our tongues when we call all other outer foreigners barbarians. *C'est un peu trop fort;* but we do it daily, nay, hourly. The Greeks have murderous brigands: we have murderers without motive. The French eat frogs (by-the-bye, I love 'em dearly): they don't break Portland vases, or burn, in their wildest moments, the contents of a collegiate library.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

CAPTAIN PAYNE and Macgregor, between them, infused new life into, at all events, the first day of the recent Bath and Somerset Meeting, which, if it came down rather like a stick, went up, at least, like a rocket. Lansdowne is nearly as inaccessible as Mont Blanc, and when it is dusty—as it is, with, perhaps, half-an-hour's interval, from Christmas to Christmas—the route to the Downs is dreadful going. Yet, in spite of this, the course was, on Tuesday, like a West of England Derby. The attendance was, in fact, larger than I, if not the oldest inhabitant, ever recollect it; and, as the weather was imperial, there was nothing but a win wanting to make the meeting one to "make amends," in a wider sense than Moore ever imagined.

In the face of Epsom, however, even Bath dwindles from, so to speak, a swimming to a hip; and, with the Derby waiting, one cannot afford to linger over the Somersetshire Stakes. The incidents which require comment are, happily, few in number, and my notice even of them must be of the briefest. It is needless to say that Macgregor's hollow victory in the Three-year-old Biennial was the feature of the day and the week; and, despite his causing his backers some momentary uneasiness by lying off to the last moment, no victory could have been more easily obtained, Recorder and Gamos being beaten to a standstill, and the winner cantering home without the discomposure of a hair. Mr. Brayley's horse and the Beckhampton mare were fit, well, and trusted by their clever owners: the only explanation of their utter defeat being that they met *the best horse of modern times*. Mr. Merry had another turn in the Two-year-old Biennial, in which his big, striding Perth—a Dundee colt, with fair legs, but contracted heels, and who will hardly, I think, train on without mishap—beat the very neat, racing-like Digby Grand, Steppe, and a few more moderate ones, with meritorious ease, considering that he might certainly have been made 5lbs. better. The Beaufort Cup was won in a canter by Sabinus: a result which was not affected by Fuzee's unlucky mishap, Sir Frederick Johnstone's new purchase being beaten when she broke down.

On the second day, the Somersetshire Stakes was the only point of interest; Threatener, after making all his own running, winning easily, though only by a neck, from Phœbus, who turned it up, as usual, when requested to "come out." The rest of the day, which included two walks-over, one—*credite posteri!*—for the Weston Stakes, was barren of incident, and may, like Croydon and Stamford, be dismissed with a benediction.

The Epsom carnival will absorb the attention of the racing world from Tuesday to Friday next, the doings on the Downs promising, with the present two-year-old additions to the programme, to be more generally attractive than ever. Time and space, however, will compel me to pass over many of the interesting, but at the present time uncertain, items on the card in silence, and to confine the brief remarks I have to offer on the racing of the week to the Derby, Oaks, and Woodcote Stakes, the latter of which will possibly furnish a key to all subsequent races of the same kind.

Fortunately, both for me and my readers, my previous excursions among the Epsom candidates have been of such length, that I am precluded from the necessity of entering into the question of breeding, appearance, and juvenile performance, which served to fill so many dreary columns during the winter. I need only take up my parable from the Second Spring; between which and the present time is, *quoad* Epsom, the most important time of the year. The Two Thousand has entirely cut the ground from under the feet of those who put their faith in two-year-old form; and every anticipation of the result of the greater contest must now date from the Rowley Mile. Year by year we receive steady and accumulating proof that the Newmarket trial is the single reliable test of a horse's Epsom merit. To stay the Rowley Mile is almost equivalent to the staying the "New Course"; and rare, indeed, are the instances of the Two Thousand victor being placed lower than third in the Derby form. The latest race for the Guineas has been, on one ground or another, pronounced by those in whom the wish is father to the thought, "a false-run" race. Kingcraft is to be differently ridden in the Derby; where King o' Scots, who can distance Normanby at home, is to show Lord Stamford's horse, if not Macgregor himself, his tail. Stanley's position was, of course, too bad to be true; and it has been, if it is not now, said that Astolfo is "bound" to show that the horse who beat Kennington so easily has not degenerated into a mere plater. We have all, I imagine, heard the same story before. The same fable is annually narrated of the winner. If something had been done, if something had not happened, if the winner had not gone so fast, or the second had gone faster, the result would have been different. It is one of the penalties of success that it is always at first set down as an accident. To come to the point, Macgregor won the Two Thousand Guineas with an ease that has never been equalled. He went faster and stayed better than anything in the race: he could have won it at any point; and he did eventually win it with a stone in hand. There was, from first to last, no excuse for a single beaten horse; and to talk about the field, individually or collectively, reversing positions with the winner, is, in my humble opinion, and in the words of Miss Murdstone, "either insanity or intoxication."

If Macgregor is destined to be defeated, it will be by something not contained in the Newmarket field. By the first employment of hook and crook, it is impossible to find more than four—at the outside, five fresh comers—who have any reasonable prospect of lowering the favourite's yellow and black standard. To Sunshine, his stable companion, her early backers still fondly, and not unnaturally, cling; and, with one out of the way, her great claims must be admitted on all hands. I was one of her earliest and most devoted admirers, and it has been no small struggle to me to forsake my mistress. But the simple fact is, that Sunshine is not within 7lb of Macgregor; and those who have bent to the filly must bow to the colt. Reams could not say more.

Camel—great, coarse, overgrown, handicap horse—was never a favourite of mine; nor do I like him better now that he has undergone, both in his prepartion and on the Rialto, all the "difficulties" which are notorious. Some of the cleverest judges are, apparently, going for the big chestnut; and one is always loth to oppose the talent. But I would not, myself, take 1,000 to 1, to stand to my guns, about Camel; and I can assure my readers I never opposed a horse from mere prejudice in my life.

Bridgwater has long been suffering from splints and a delicate constitution, and cannot be above half-trained. He is a real good horse, one of the best Fyfield has ever known, when well; and it must not be forgotten that his race care less about training than any other family on the turf. The market, so far as he is concerned, is an enigma; but I am quite satisfied that Palmerston cannot win; and if Bridgwater does not see the post, Alec Taylor may give up his Derby dreams for 1870.

Prince of Wales I recommended in these columns to be backed when 150 to 1 was obtainable. He will be one of the best-looking horses, and one of the best movers stripped, and will take his own part in the race. Those who did me the honour to follow my advice can hedge at a profit; and they had better do so, unless they have backed him for a place, which he will very probably obtain.

I will not hear of another horse having the faintest chance of interfering with

MACGREGOR,

who will win to a certainty; and only for places will venture to say a few words for Sunshine and Prince of Wales.

The Oaks has, according to my measurement, four in it—Hester, Sunshine, Mahonia, and Pâté.

Hester's fine size and general good looks, coupled with her meritorious performance as a two and three-year-old, entitle her to hold the position she does at the head of affairs. The Ditch Mile is, of course, no line for Epsom—the double victory being the exception; but that Hester is a stayer I am confident: and if she escapes the ailment common to her sex at this time of the year, she will win nearly as easily as Macgregor. Sunshine's position in the market is not at all satisfactory to my mind; and, in any case, intending backers should see how she acquits herself in the Derby before investing on her for the Oaks. Mahonia was beaten fair and square at Newmarket, and all that can be said in defence of her claim to reverse the running is, that she will be better suited by the ups and downs of Epsom than she was by the Ditch Mile. This may be the case, but is certainly not sufficient to make one give her one's allegiance.

Pâté is a good game little filly, who is sure to run well; but I cannot stand her against such a great raking mare as Hester, who could eat her, and, what is more to the purpose, is sure to outstride her if it comes to a Governess and Gildermine finish.

Briefly, then, I expect (with a reservation as to Sunshine) to see

HESTER

win; and an investment on Pâté for a place may not be money thrown away.

Of the Woodcote I have only time to say that Mr. Merry or Mr. Chaplin will, I think, be No. 1; and the one that beats Sister to Pandore will have to be a child of superior intelligence.

FORECAST.

LATEST BETTING.

THE DERBY.

6 to	5 on	Mr. Merry's Macgregor (offered; taken 100 to 80)
15 —	2 agst	Mr. Jos. Dawson's Camel (offered; 8 to 1 taken)
100 —	8 —	Mr. Merry's Sunshiue (taken and offered)
100 —	6 —	Mr. Morris's Prince of Wales (taken and offered)
100 —	6 —	Mr. Craufurd's Palmerston (taken & offered)
20 —	1 —	Lord Ailesbury's Bridgwater (taken and offered)
25 —	1 —	Lord Falmouth's Kingcraft (offered)
25 —	1 —	Lord Stamford's Normanby (offered)
40 —	1 —	Mr. La Mert's King o' Scots (taken and offered)
40 —	1 —	Mr. J. J. Ellis's Cymbal (offered; 45 to 1 taken)
1000 —	15 —	Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Ely Appleton (offered; 1000 to 12 taken)
1000 —	15 —	Captain Machell's Bonny Swell (offered)
1000 —	5 —	Mr. Beverley's Flyaway Jack (taken)
9 —	1 —	Palmerston and Bridgwater coupled (offered; 10 to 1 taken to £250)
8 —	1 —	Palmerston and Prince of Wales coupled (taken)
10 —	1 —	Bridgwater with a run (offered)

PLACE BETTING.

500 to	200 on	Macgregor (taken)
2 —	1 agst	Camel (offered; 5 to 2 taken)
3 —	1 —	Normanby (taken and offered)
4 —	1 —	Palmerston (taken)
4 —	1 —	Prince of Wales (taken and offered)
5 —	1 —	Bridgwater (taken and offered)
5 —	1 —	Sunshine (taken)
11 —	1 —	Cymbal (offered)

OAKS.

6 to	4 agst	Mr. Jos. Dawson's Hester (taken freely)
4 —	1 —	Mr. Reeves' Pâté (offered; 5 to 1 taken)
6 —	1 —	Mr. Merry's Sunshine (offered)
6 —	1 —	Baron Rothschild's Mahonia (offered)

DOUBLE EVENT.

3 to	1 agst	Macgregor winning the Derby and Hester the Oaks (taken)

THE FRENCH DERBY.

The following is a list of the probable starters for the Prix du Jockey Club (the French Derby), to be run to-morrow :—

M. de la Charme's ch. f. Périchole	Peake.
M. Aumont's ch. f. Miss Hervine	A. Carrott.
Prince d'Arenberg's ch. c. Mars	A. Watkins.
M. André's ch. c. Don Carlos	J. Osborne.
M. Schickler's br. c. Le Batave	Gradwell.*
M. Schickler's ch. c. Valois	Maidment or Fordham.
M. Fould's ch. c. Minotaure	T. French.
M. Fould's ch. c. Faliero	Heslop.
M. Fould's b. c. Derviche	T. Williams.
M. Montgomery's b. f. La Calonne	Snowden.
M. Montgomery's b. f. La Rille	Grimshaw.
Count Lagrange's ch. c. Alaric	Butler.
Count Lagrange's b. c. Chérubin	Hunter.
Duke of Hamilton's ch. c. Monseigneur	Custance.
Major Fridolin's b. c. Bigarreau	C. Pratt.
M. Maurice W.'s br. c. Cascadeur	Webber.
Mr. T. Carter's b. c. Autocrat	W. Carter.
Baron de Herissem's b. c. Tourment	Carver.
M. Lupin's ro. c. Neptunus	Kitchener.
M. Lupin's b. f. Cantate*	Moyer.
M. Delamarre's b. c. Clos Vougeot*	
M. Kennington's b. c. Jarnac*	

* Doubtful.

Our correspondent informs us that Minotaure is likely to win; and that Don Carlos is a "good useful outsider."

HINTS TO THE ANONYMOUS.

c. by Kettledrum—Impératrice ..... *Big Drum.*
c. by Victorious—Betsy Carr ..... *Triumphal Car.*
f. by Van Galen—Cocktail ..... *Pick-me-up.*
f. by Vedette—Petra's dam ..... *Lighthouse.*
f. by Saunterer—Volley ..... *Dropping Fire.*
f. by Dundee—La Dame ..... *Mrs. Mac.*
c. by Vengeance—Gosling ..... *Green Pea.*
c. by High Treason—Q. E. D. ..... *The Convict.*
c. by Gladiateur—Battaglia ..... *Moriturus.*
f. by Marsyas—Saffron ..... *Yellowskin.*
f. by King Tom—Botany ..... *Kingcup.*
c. by Sundeelah—Shipwreck ..... *Sunda.*
c. by Master Bagot—Jeanie ..... *Jem Baggs.*

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

French Derby—Prix du Jockey Club	Sunday, May 29.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Grand Prize of Paris (1 mile 7 fur.)	Sunday, June 12.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles)	Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.)	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

RACING FIXTURES.

MAY.

Epsom 31

JUNE.

Lewis	7	Newcastle	21
Croydon	8	Hampton	23
Manchester	8	Odiham	28
Ascot	14	Newton	29
Beverley	15	Bibury Club	29
Windsor	21	Stockbridge	30

JULY.

Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Newmarket July	5	Southampton	14
Carlisle	5	Isle of Man	14
Worcester	7	Knutsford	15
Pontefract	11	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Reading	12	Goodwood	26

AUGUST.

Brighton	2	Lichfield	16
Tiverton	3	Stockton	17
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18
Lewes	5	York	23
Leek	8	Plymouth	25
Egham	9	Scarborough	29
Wolverhampton	9	Rainham	29
Windsor	11	Derby	30
Paisley	11	Weymouth	30
Radcliffe	12	Liverpool	31
Bromley	16		

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29

In the Arena.

THE Northampton Club held their races last Tuesday, when some good sport was exhibited, Mr. Becke in particular distinguishing himself, as, although he didn't win the mile, it was quite evident to all lookers-on that he must have won had he not been interfered with in the run in. Mr. J. Scott, of the L. A. C., ran second in the open three miles race, and was beaten 10 yards in 15 min. 40 secs., a very fair performance. The Secretary of the London Athletic Club has got several gentlemen to accompany him on a journey to Nottingham, to take part in the Athletic Meeting there, and his team is well chosen, as, allowing they are not the "flowers" of the club, they are, at any rate, the best trained at the present time, and will, no doubt, do credit to the club they represent. We hope that this journey is the preliminary signal for the introduction of strangers' or open races in the programmes of the L. A. C., from which, ever since the commencement of Mr. Rye's *régime*, they have been absent, as it hardly looks well for the members of the L. A. C. to go and win the prizes at country meetings and not give the locals some prizes in return to compete for. We are aware that Mr. Rye's reason for not advocating open races is very just, on account of some of the entries being very questionable; but then they can be easily refused, and none but those really entitled to run as gentlemen amateurs allowed to enter. The Civil Service Meeting came off yesterday, but at the time of going to press none of the results have reached us, but we anticipate the success of Mr. Eames in the 100 yards and 200 Challenge Cup; and that Mr. Sydenham Dixon will win, for the third consecutive time, the mile race, and thus become entitled to the cup. The other races are so very open that we can offer no opinion on them.

The boat-racing at Oxford and Cambridge has been on this week; at both seats of learning the two boats who started at the head of the river still retain their pride of place, and with every prospect of remaining there until the close of the races.

The match between the Oxford Eleven and Gentlemen of England has shown most decisively that Oxford once more is well supplied with good bowling; indeed, it is seldom an eleven has three bowlers like Messrs. Belcher, Butler, and Francis. The former is a remarkably steady, straight, and reliable bowler, while both Messrs. Butler and Francis, although liable to be hit now and then severely, are such to take wickets quickly. Indeed, if Mr. Francis was to have his day in the "Inter-'Varsity" match, he would play ducks and drakes with the Cambridge, or any other eleven, and Lord's is the very ground for him. In the batting department Messrs. Pauncefote, Hadow, Ottaway-Fortescue, and E. F. S. Tylecote, together with Mr. Townsend, who is showing signs of returning to his Rossall "form," form a very formidable six to be in any eleven; and, as the bowlers are also fair bats, the prospects of Oxford this year scoring the odd event are very brilliant. The Surrey colts match has not brought out anything up to county form, although perhaps one or two may be played for the county in its present dearth of cricketing talent, as the best of a bad lot. The Sussex colts have had a trial this week, and showed some youngsters as likely to improve into county form; notably W. Humphreys, who, although he did not do much in the match, has all the making of a first-class cricketer in him, both as a batsman and wicket-keeper,—two departments that are frequently well performed by one player; while it is seldom that a man is first-class both in batting and bowling. We cannot help thinking that in colts' matches some limit should be put on the age of aspirants, as among both the Surrey and Sussex colts were some who were decidedly "aged," and must have long since seen their best day, and can by no possible means ever improve either in cricket or activity.

We have news from America of the pugilistic encounter between Mace and Allen, the result of which must clearly demonstrate the superiority of Mace over all men of the present day, as Allen, who, when over in this country, was looked upon as a good fair game man, has "whipped" all the Yankee champions "pretty considerable easy," and he can barely make the semblance of a fight with Mace, who, barring the soft spot he undoubtedly possesses, is the finest sparrer that ever entered a twenty-four foot ring.

To the Editor of "THE MAN ABOUT TOWN."

SIR,—In your issue of last Saturday there is an article headed "In the Arena," in which are contained the following remarks in relation to the King's College Half-Mile Race—of which I was the handicapper.

"The handicapper of this event was, doubtless, astonished to find the competitors start from marks different to those he had allotted; but his mistakes were so glaring, that the starts had to be altered considerably by the Committee: notably that of the winner, who in the original handicap had a far longer start than that with which he won."

Allow me to say that this is totally untrue, and I beg to enclose a letter from the Secretary of the King's College Athletic Club, to prove that it is so.

Owing to the immense number of entries, I was specially requested to make two handicaps for the same race—one to meet the case of its being run in one heat, and the other of its being run in three or four heats.

The starts in the last handicap were, of course, somewhat longer than in the first—as the scratch and short-start men would manifestly have a much greater chance of getting through a field of 15, than one of 60, which the Committee expected.

The Committee, intending to run the race in several heats, advertised the handicap framed by me to meet the case. Changing their minds when they found only 30 starters—they ran the race in one heat, and used my other handicap, but without altering it in the slightest. As far as I remember, the difference between the starts allotted to the winner in the two handicaps was *two yards*—which can hardly be considered "far longer" in half-a-mile.

Requesting you to publish this letter in your next edition,

I am, &c., WALTER RYE.

Roehampton, S.W.

[The letter of the Hon. Sec. of the King's College Athletic Club entirely confirms Mr. Rye's account, and we can only express our regret that our contributor should have been misled into making so unfounded a statement.—Ed. M.A.T.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ARROGANT yet doting duffer,
Sometimes crabber, sometimes puffer;
Bumptious or misguided buffer,
This he weekly has to suffer.

1.
Not quite a liar, yet, in sooth,
He hardly ever tells the truth;
Of simple answer an avoider,
He tries to palliate, or embroider.

2.
"The world, the flesh, and the devil,"
So the Church sums up all evil;
And, with regard to the terrible three,
Thus my godfathers promised for me.

3.
"Embrasse moi, mon ange," said the lady.
She meant, You may steal a caress;
And Jones, whose French accent was shady,
Replied in two letters, "Oh, yes."

4.
On the Tuesday, duly shriven,
Sins of carnival forgiven,
With a light and homely fare
For Ash Wednesday I prepare.

5.
If ye marvel what virtue dwells in a name,
A dealer's stable go wander round;
And hear him boldly as *this* proclaim,
The blind, the halt, and the partially sound.

6.
Great Cæsar said, that, once in this position,
A lady should be quite above suspicion.

7.
I love it, I love it, and who can chide,
Or my very orthodox taste deride?
E'en the Lord Mayor, in his robes of state,
Silently worshipped, the while he ate.

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW
OF THE
DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD

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Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 28, Rossini's Opera IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; Bertha, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; Fiorello, Signor Fallar; Sargente, Signor Rossi; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

Next Week there will be Five Performances, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, May 30 (first time this season), Mozart's Opera, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Cherubino, Madame Pauline Lucca; Susanna, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character); Il Conte, Signor Graziani; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Antonio, Signor Tagliafico; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Bevignani.

On Tuesday Next, May 31, Meyerbeer's Opera, DINORAH. Dinorah, Madame Adelina Patti; and Hoel, Signor Graziani.

Extra Night.—On Thursday Next, June 2, FAUST E MARGHERITA. Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Scalchi; M. Petit, Signor Graziani, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Mario.

Extra Night.—On Friday Next, June 3, DON GIOVANNI. Zerlina, Madame Adelina Patti; Don Ottavio, Signor Mario (his first appearance in that character these three years); Don Giovanni, Signor Graziani; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens.

On Saturday Next, June 4, HAMLET. Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi; Hamlet, Signor Cotogni; and the Queen, Mdlle. Titiens.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, on Saturday, June 18, supported by all the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday) Mozart's LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, M. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky (her first appearance in that character); Susanna, Madame Volpini (her first appearance in that character in London); and La Contessa, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character). Conductor, Signor Arditi.

On Monday, MARTHA. Lionello, Signor Mongini; Plumketto, Mr. Santley; Lord Tristrano, Signor Zoboli; Un Sheriffo, Mr. Lyall; Un Servitore, Signor Archinti; Nancy, Mdlle. Cari (her first appearance at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane); and Martha, Madame Volpini.

Tuesday, May 31, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Un Prete, Signor Gassier; Alberti, Signor Raguer; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

On Thursday June 2, FAUST. Mephistophiles, M. Faure; Faust, Signor Gardoni; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Acting Manager, Mr. James Henry.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Signor Arditi's Grand Morning Concert will take place on Friday, June 10, supported by all the principal artists. Band and Chorus of the Italian Opera, Drury Lane.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Summer Season.—New company, new drama, new scenery.—MAY 28, and till further notice a popular drama, called FREE LABOUR, written by Charles Reade, from his popular story, "Put Yourself in his Place." To this will shortly be added a comedy, "MOLIERE'S MASTERPIECE," with the business as handed down from the time of that immortal author. In the drama, Messrs. Henry Neville, John Chute, Ashley, R. Phillips, George Pearce, J. F. Sinclair; Misses Margaret Young, Robertha Erskine, and other members of the summer company. In the comedy, Mr. Vining, Mrs. Seymour, Miss Phillis Glover, Miss Florence Terry, and other members of the summer company.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—At Seven (19th time), Comedy in three acts, called THE MAN OF QUALITY, adapted from Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse," by John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—Mr. ALFRED WIGAN

GAIETY.—As LORD FOPPINGTON.

GAIETY.—At a Quarter to Nine, Offenbach's latest and most popular three-act Opera Bouffe, THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE. 35th time in England. Exclusive right of performance.

GAIETY.—OFFENBACH'S

GAIETY.—PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

GAIETY.—No fees. Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages 11.15.

GAIETY.—PERFECT VENTILATION.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S.—The coolest theatre in London.—Prices 1s. to 2 guineas. Box-office eleven to six.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. — 4th night of the New FROU-FROU.—4th night of the new scene, as introduced by M. Lafont. Misses Hazlewood, Larkin, Turner, Lovell, and Sara Thorne; Messrs. Barton Hill, Shore, Murray, and William Farren.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD in LA BELLE SAUVAGE at 9.45. Misses Everard, Turner, Lovell, and full Corps de Ballet; Messrs. Mark Smith, Young, Grainger, and Lionel Brough. New songs, dances, and dresses. 155th night.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess POCAHONTAS. "Brilliant success."—Times. "Decided success.—Daily Telegraph. "Immense success."—Standard. "Legitimate success."—Daily News. "Grand success."—Paris Figaro. Prices, 1s. to £2 2s. Carriages, 11.15.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—Lessee and Manageress, Miss E. Fowler.—THIS EVENING, a new and original comedy, by Joseph J. Dilley, Esq., entitled ILLUSIONS, in which Mr. E. Danvers and Miss Marie Dalton will appear. New scene, "Bank of the Thames," by W. Leitch.

THIS EVENING, a new and original musical legend, THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK, by W. S. Gilbert, music by Frederic Clay. Miss E. Fowler, Madame Emmeline Cole; Messrs. W. M. Terrott, Flockton, Robson, and E. Danvers. At the CHARING CROSS THEATRE. Box-office open 11 to 4.

LYCEUM.—LITTLE FAUST!—Crowded houses. Unqualified success.—At 7.30, the new Comedietta, HIS OWN RIVAL. Mr. F. Charles, Miss L. Morgan. At 8, Offenbach's popular Operetta, BREAKING THE SPELL. Messrs. G. F. Neville, Aynsley Cook, and Miss S. Dolaro. At 8.30, the celebrated Opéra Bouffe, LITTLE FAUST, supported by the most complete troupe of artistes and auxiliaries ever brought together.

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